

## Short Poetic Dream 20201223082517828572

Texts Used: The Odyssey by Homer

This text was remixed using a "Dream Filter", or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

high in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!  
e'en then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;  
who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy,  
what time the Greeks combined their social arms,  
to avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms!"  
a sacred oath, each proud oppressor slain,  
shall with inglorious gore this marble stain."  
awed by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,  
so Jove decreed dread sire of men and gods.  
then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,  
heaved by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.  
against proud Ilion's well-defended towers,  
Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid!  
the barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,  
poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:  
the golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,  
replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;  
with copious water the bright vase supplies

proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains."

the suffering chief at this began to melt;

there sate the prince: the feast Eumaeus spread,

and heap'd the shining canisters with bread.

who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;

victors of late, but humble suppliants now!

low at thy knee thy succour we implore;

the golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,

replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;

with copious water the bright vase supplies

how from their hell would vengeful fiends arise!

abhorr'd by all, accursed my name would grow,

the earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.

while the proud foes, industrious to destroy

thy wealth, in riot the delay enjoy.

suffice it in this exigence alone

my state he pitied, and my tears he dried,

restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,

thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway

in rival crowds contest the glorious prize.

dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:

but when by wisdom won proud Ilion burn'd,

and in their slips the conquering Greeks return'd,  
exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.  
with such a foe the unequal fight to try,  
or share the feast with due respect; or go  
to weep abroad, and leave to us the bow,  
thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,  
with opening streets and shining structures spread,  
she pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats;  
for ever sad, with proud disdain he pined,  
and the lost arms for ever stung his mind;  
hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.  
a bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,  
ourselves we give, memorial of our name;  
"And bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day! he cries,  
the day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,  
a son and grandson of the Arcesian name  
nor dare to question where the proud command;  
no profit springs beneath usurping powers;  
who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;  
victors of late, but humble suppliants now!  
and proud addresses to the matchless queen.  
but she thy absence mourns from day to day,

and inly bleeds, and silent wastes away;  
and by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls:  
destruction enters in the treacherous wood,  
and golden dreams the gift of sweet repose  
lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

BOOK VI.

high in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!  
e'en then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;  
changed to the deep, the bitter draught of death:  
she leads before, and to the feast invites;  
i follow sadly to the magic rites.  
radiant with starry studs, a silver seat  
but yet, I trust, this once e'en Mars would fly  
his fair-one's arms--he thinks her, once, too nigh.  
but there remain, ye guilty, in my power,  
in feast and sacrifice my chosen train  
six days consum'd; the seventh we plough'd the main.  
crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;  
how beat your hearts? what aid would you afford  
to the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?"  
what mighty labours would he then create,  
to seize his treasures, and divide his state,

the royal palace to the queen convey,  
but when by wisdom won proud Ilion burn'd,  
and in their slips the conquering Greeks return'd,  
that yon proud suitors, who licentious tread  
these courts, within these courts like Irus bled:  
whose loose head tottering, as with wine oppress'd,  
crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.'

"Illustrious shade I cried, of Peleus' fates  
no circumstance the voice of Fame relates:  
a deed like this thy future fame would wrong,  
for dear to gods and men is sacred song.  
self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,  
"Why rarely would my son his fate explore,  
ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?  
to gods and men to give the golden day.  
now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,  
before old Neleus' venerable walls.  
spontaneous to the suitors' feast preferr'd;  
two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;  
when beds of royal state invite your stay?  
no--long as life this mortal shall inspire,  
or as my children imitate their sire.

the silver stands, with golden flaskets graced:

with dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,

fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:

as from some feast a man returning late,

his faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,

rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,

happier the son, whose hoary sire is bless'd

with humble affluence, and domestic rest!

happier than I, to future empire born,

a giant shepherd here his flock maintains

far from the rest, and solitary reigns,

in shelter thick of horrid shade reclined;

and bids Aurora with her golden wheels

flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills;

uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,

against proud Ilion's well-defended towers,

Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid!

exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.

with such a foe the unequal fight to try,

were by false courage unrevenged to die.

when beds of royal state invite your stay?

no--long as life this mortal shall inspire,

or as my children imitate their sire.  
o greatly bless'd with every blooming grace!  
with equal steps the paths of glory trace;  
"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend:  
the rites have waited long." The chief commands  
the poison mantled in the golden bowl.  
i took, and quaff'd it, confident in heaven.  
o'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,  
and aim to wound the prince with pointless wit:  
a giant shepherd here his flock maintains  
far from the rest, and solitary reigns,  
in shelter thick of horrid shade reclined;  
the trees around them all their food produce:  
lotus the name: divine, nectareous juice!  
the youth would vindicate the vacant throne."  
"Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes  
tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould:  
the reddening apple ripens here to gold.  
proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.  
from high Olympus prone her flight she bends,  
with copious streams that golden ewer supplies  
a silver layer of capacious size.

when Troy's proud bulwarks smoked upon the ground,  
greece, to reward her soldier's gallant toils,  
and the proud suitors shall its force confess;  
injurious men! who while my soul is sore  
of fresh affronts, are meditating more.  
then bade his followers to the feast prepare.  
a victim ox beneath the sacred hand  
of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.  
thence all descend in pomp and proud array,  
and bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;  
while the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,  
o'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,  
and aim to wound the prince with pointless wit:  
proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains."  
the suffering chief at this began to melt;  
and, "O Eumaeus! thou he cries hast felt  
a feast of death, the feasters doom'd to bleed!  
his golden circlet in the deepening shades:  
three vases heap'd with copious fires display  
o'er all the palace a fictitious day;  
a feast of death, the feasters doom'd to bleed!  
proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.



from high Olympus prone her flight she bends,  
and in the realms of Ithaca descends,  
she waves her golden wand, and reassumes  
from every feature every grace that blooms;  
proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

from high Olympus prone her flight she bends,  
and in the realms of Ithaca descends,  
death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,  
and make the dust Antinous' bridal bed."

"Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence  
would mighty Jove restore that man again!  
these aged sinews, with new vigour strung,  
for Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

"A youth there was, Elpenor was he named,  
not much for sense, nor much for courage famed:  
and now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,  
sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds;  
exalt the lowly, or the proud debase."

he spoke and sate. The prince with transport flew,  
the time would fail should I in order tell  
what foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell:  
how, lost through love, Eurypylus was slain,

defame the bridal feast and friendly bowl."

the prince, obedient to the sage command,

to Euryclea thus: "The female band

when Troy's proud bulwarks smoked upon the ground,

greece, to reward her soldier's gallant toils,

heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

and raised new discord. Then so Heaven decreed

Ulysses first and Neator disagreed!

wise as he was, by various counsels away'd,

of the proud son; as that we stand this hour

in lasting safety from the father's power!"

so spoke the wretch, but, shunning farther fray,

and by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls:

destruction enters in the treacherous wood,

and vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

should bury these proud towers beneath the ground.

but this the gods may frustrate or fulfil,

as suits the purpose of the Eternal Will.

the peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.

but say, that stranger guest who late withdrew,

then would that busy head no broils suggest,

for fire to rage Telemachus' breast,

ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood:  
oft ready swords in luckless hour incite  
the hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.'  
whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more."  
quick through the father's heart these accents ran;  
grief seized at once, and wrapp'd up all the man:  
low lies our isle, yet bless'd in fruitful stores;  
strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;  
but when the star of eve with golden light  
adorn'd the matron brow of sable night,  
would Jove permit the meditated blow,  
that stream of eloquence should cease to flow."  
without reply vouchsafed, Antinous ceased:  
would add our blood, injustice still proceeds."  
he spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:  
great Demoptolemus Ulysses slew;  
but this descended from the bless'd abodes,  
a rill of nectar, streaming from the gods.'  
unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes.  
so Jove decreed dread sire of men and gods.  
"Oh bless'd Ulysses! thus the king express'd  
his sudden rapture in thy consort bless'd!

not more thy wisdom than her virtue shined;  
now whirling down the heavens, the golden day  
shot through the western clouds a dewy ray;  
no more they view the golden light of day!  
arise, and bless thee with the glad survey?"  
yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace."  
loud laugh the rest, e'en Neptune laughs aloud,  
yet sues importunate to loose the god.  
while the proud foes, industrious to destroy  
thy wealth, in riot the delay enjoy.  
and proud addresses to the matchless queen.  
but she thy absence mourns from day to day,  
and inly bleeds, and silent wastes away;  
all crowded round, the family appears  
with wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.  
swift from above descends the royal fair  
not great Alemena the proud boasts of fame;  
yet thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree  
she shines with fatal excellence, to thee:  
to the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?"  
Philaetius thus: "O were thy word not vain!  
the next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,

and Laestrygonia's gates arise distinct in air.  
but yet, I trust, this once e'en Mars would fly  
his fair-one's arms--he thinks her, once, too nigh.  
would mighty Jove restore that man again!  
these aged sinews, with new vigour strung,  
and bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,  
the seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,  
and limpid waters from the living spring."  
heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:  
in her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,  
now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd;  
but when, from dewy shade emerging bright,  
aurora streaks the sky with orient light,  
but if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed  
for you my bowl shall flow, my flock shall bleed;  
judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!  
the man entranced would view the dreadful scene  
these drugs, so friendly to the joys of life.  
who bless'd the almighty Thunderer in her arms:  
hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,  
who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;  
victors of late, but humble suppliants now!

low at thy knee thy succour we implore;  
nor would he court repose in downy state,  
unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!  
with wines and unguents in a golden vase  
the vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,  
heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:  
in her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,  
and hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.  
of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.  
if monarchs by the gods are plunged in woe,  
to what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!"  
we press to hear what sadly he relates:  
"We went, Ulysses! such was thy command  
and both the golden mean alike condemn.  
alike he thwarts the hospitable end,  
unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes.  
so Jove decreed dread sire of men and gods.  
then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,  
and be this festival decreed their last!"  
big with their doom denounced in earth and sky,  
horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed  
the hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!"

a land of plenty, bless'd with every grain:  
chief of the numbers who the queen address'd,  
and the fair ranks of battle to deform;  
me, Mars inspired to turn the foe to flight,  
and tempt the secret ambush of the night.  
receive him joyous to their bless'd abodes;  
large gifts confer, a ready sail command,  
the peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.  
but say, that stranger guest who late withdrew,  
what and from whence? his name and lineage shew.  
proud to seem brave among a coward train!  
but now, thou art not valorous, but vain.  
god! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,  
irresolute of soul, his state to shroud  
in dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd!  
precipitant in fear would wing their flight,  
and curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.  
but ah, I dream!-the appointed hour is fled.  
and on the future banquet feast their eyes,  
as huge in length extended lay the beast;  
then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.  
the social feast of joy, with joy sincere.

and thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;  
a generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue."  
and bids Aurora with her golden wheels  
flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills;  
uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,  
would Jove permit the meditated blow,  
that stream of eloquence should cease to flow."  
crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.'  
"Illustrious shade I cried, of Peleus' fates  
hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed  
the chief's return should make the guilty bleed.  
for Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.  
"A youth there was, Elpenor was he named,  
a sacred oath, each proud oppressor slain,  
shall with inglorious gore this marble stain."  
awed by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,  
proud of their strength, and more than mortal size,  
the gods they challenge, and affect the skies:  
who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;  
victors of late, but humble suppliants now!  
three golden goblets in the porch she found  
the guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd;



hid in her fraudulent bosom these she bore:  
o greatly bless'd with every blooming grace!  
with equal steps the paths of glory trace;  
that yon proud suitors, who licentious tread  
these courts, within these courts like Irus bled:  
a deed like this thy future fame would wrong,  
for dear to gods and men is sacred song.  
self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,  
so bless'd as thine in all the rolls of fame;  
alive we hail'd thee with our guardian gods,  
bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!  
whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow  
they name the standard of their dearest vow."  
bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!  
whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow  
they name the standard of their dearest vow."  
and the proud suitors shall its force confess;  
injurious men! who while my soul is sore  
in vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey.  
his swelling heart denied the words their way:  
and by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls:  
destruction enters in the treacherous wood,

and vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd;

but when, from dewy shade emerging bright,

aurora streaks the sky with orient light,

but first the Ulyssean wealth survey:

so rich the value of a store so vast

demands the pomp of centuries to waste!

exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.

with such a foe the unequal fight to try,

his hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;

fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,

we leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast

our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;

that done, two chosen heralds straight attend

and secret moves along the crowded space,

unseen of all the rude Phaeacian race.

so Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes

my sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed

perhaps by righteous Heaven that I must bleed!

my father, mother, all I trust to three;

receive him joyous to their bless'd abodes;

large gifts confer, a ready sail command,

what mighty labours would he then create,  
to seize his treasures, and divide his state,  
the royal palace to the queen convey,  
the throng'd assembly and the feast of joy:  
i see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,  
and hear what graces every feast the lyre."  
a giant shepherd here his flock maintains  
far from the rest, and solitary reigns,  
in shelter thick of horrid shade reclined;  
oh give these eyes to feast upon their lord.  
enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless powers  
too much detain thee from these sylvan bowers,"  
curbs the proud steeds, reluctant to the rein:  
by turns they visit this ethereal sky,  
fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,  
what once I was, whom wretched you despise:  
if yet this arm its ancient force retain;  
from feast to feast, insatiate to devour,  
he flew, attendant on the genial hour.  
lost in delight the circling year would roll,  
while deep attention fix'd my listening soul.  
at once they bathe, and dress in proud array:

the lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,  
and fair-zoned damsels form the sprightly dance.  
so Jove decreed dread sire of men and gods.  
then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,  
here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,  
with all the united labours of the year;  
some to unload the fertile branches run,  
happier the son, whose hoary sire is bless'd  
with humble affluence, and domestic rest!  
or share the feast with due respect; or go  
to weep abroad, and leave to us the bow,  
abhor'd by all, accursed my name would grow,  
the earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.  
if this displease, why urge ye here your stay?  
so bless'd as thine in all the rolls of fame;  
alive we hail'd thee with our guardian gods,  
once I enjoy'd in luxury of state  
whate'er gives man the envied name of great;  
and bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.  
once more harmonious strike the sounding string,  
so Heaven decreed engaged the great in arms.  
my cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;

and still his words live perfect in my mind:  
to wash a wretched wanderer would disdain;  
but if, in tract of long experience tried,  
messena's state from Ithaca detains  
three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;  
and to the youthful prince to urge the laws,  
his golden circlet, in the western shade.  
meantime the queen, without reflection due,  
and his proud hopes already win the prize.  
to speed the flying shaft through every ring,  
wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the king  
then bade his followers to the feast prepare.  
a victim ox beneath the sacred hand  
and her rich valleys wave with golden corn.  
no want, no famine, the glad natives know,  
nor sink by sickness to the shades below;  
in toils of state the miseries of age:  
tis impious to surmise the powers divine  
to ruin doom the Jove-descended line;  
who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy,  
what time the Greeks combined their social arms,  
warn'd by the god who sheds the golden day,

stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:  
his golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,  
high on a column in the palace hung;  
to taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;  
observant of the gods, and sternly just,  
rules this bless'd realm, repentant I obey;  
be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays  
once I enjoy'd in luxury of state